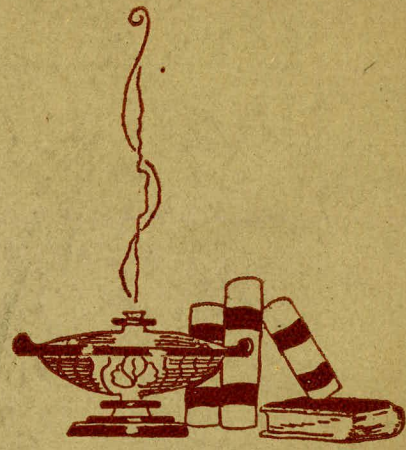


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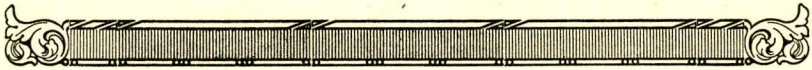
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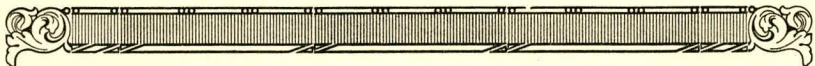
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The Puget Sound Trail

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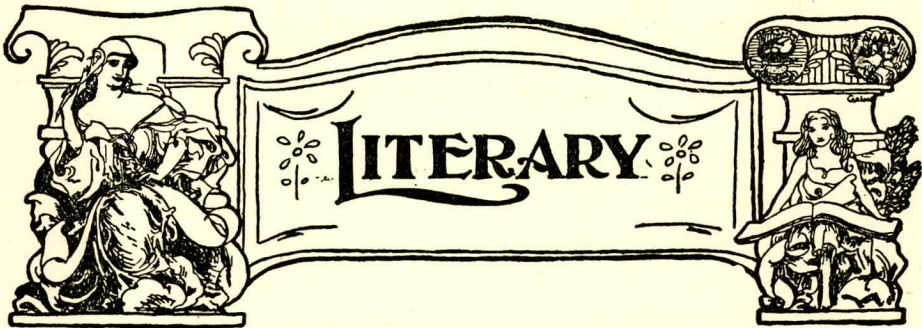
The Puget Sound Trail

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VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 1



The Black Rooster

Harold Young '20.

PA Pettibone hooked the last tug of the harness, hitching the sorrel fillies to the shining phaeton; then turned to Joe, who was harnessing the big draft horse in the next stall.

"Drive the team out to the gate, Joe, while I run in and get the butter and eggs."

"All right Pa," Joe responded as he leaped to the seat.

"You can plow on the north ten 'til four o'clock, Joe, then go fishin' if you wish. But be sure and do a good clean job of the plowing." With this last admonition he spoke to the sorrels, and was flying down the road, toward the village, four miles south. Joe filled his water sack from the spring at the corner of the farmhouse, straddled old Dobbin, the plow-horse, and was off to the north ten-acre plot. His cheery whistle sounded as if it came from the bottom of a sunny soul, and so it

did, for Joe was a joyous fellow. His brown eyes twinkled and his mouth curved upward at the corners; that is, when it was not puckered up for whistling. From his notched, holey hat to the soles of his heavy boots, Joe was every inch a man. His muscular arms and neck, browned by long exposure, rippled and stood out in sharp relief as he swung the end of the halter rope, keeping time with Dobbin's pace.

Joe was not a Pettibone by birth, but had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone about two years before. Coming as he did from a circus troupe, he knew little about books and the farm, but his muscles had been splendidly developed and he was able to keep them in working order, with a minimum of care. Even tho he had been at Pettibones' a little less than two years, he had acquired a love for the work and could ride or drive a

horse, milk a cow or throw a furrow as well as any man in the country.

As was his custom, he tied the horse in the fence corner and went over into the creek bottom to look at his traps. When he returned he found Aletha Willet, a member of the Pettibone household, pulling old Dobbin's tail hairs out.

"Aletha, don't torment the poor horse." He spoke kindly to the girl, for her understanding was of insufficient nature to comprehend even the ordinary topics of life.

Altho not formally adopted, she had been admitted into the Pettibone home a year or more since, having been left an orphan by the destruction of her home and parents by fire. She also was thot to have been burned, but was later found, half drowned, and wandering in her mind, in the pool below the falls of Nagastok Creek.

Since that time she had acquired a remarkable knowledge of woodcraft, but otherwise had developed but slowly. Her weakened mind was often gripped with a specter hand thrusting a red torch at her, and whenever such a spell seized her she would drop in a dead faint for half an hour or more. Thru their intimate associations in the family life, Joe had discovered that at times she expressed herself well, and he resolved that he would do all in his power to cure her when an opportunity presented itself.

As the afternoon wore on, Joe was attracted to the edge of the woods by Aletha, who spent most of the time roaming about, living with Nature. A large touring car drew up at the side of the road during his absence from the field, and when he returned he was greatly surprised to find two men filling

several small bottles with samples of the soil. At his cheerful "Hullo," the two quickly thrust the bottles in their pockets and turned to face the plowman.

"Ah, we were just looking around a bit," one of them remarked confusedly.

"Mighty fine place you've got here," the second man continued, close on the words of his companion. "What you goin' to raise this year?"

"Spuds and corn," Joe answered, secretly eyeing the men. "Had barley last year; we are practicing rotating crops."

"Good idea, good idea; increases the yield about fifty per cent. Is—is your father home?" said the first stranger.

"No, he isn't just now; gone to town; won't be back till six or later. Want me to tell him anything?"

"No! no! You see—you don't know if he would sell this piece, do you?"

"I'm sure he doesn't want to sell this piece, but he has another ten beyond the house, that he'd sell."

"Well, I'll see him myself. Rogers, what say? Let's be gettin' back to town. Needn't mention this to your Dad," he concluded, as he turned toward the automobile beside the road.

"Wonder why not. Those fellows make me suspicious," Joe confided to Dobbin as the motor car dashed off down the road. "Wonder what they were looking for."

"Peculiar smell," he continued to Dobbin, sniffing of a handful of dirt. Thinking it time to quit, he was unhooking Dobbin's traces when Aletha came running from the woods, carrying a large bumble bee in a bottle.

"See what I caught. Do you want him, Joe?"

"Care if I let him out?" he questioned, taking the proffered bottle.

"Unh hunh," she shook her head till she fell over against Dobbin. "What you going to do?"

"Oh! just get some samples of this soil. Might be interesting to analyze it. Here," he extended the full bottle toward her, "do you want to carry it?"

"No, I want to ride Dobbin."

"But you might fall off, Aletha, and get hurt."

"Please, Joe," she said in her gentle, pleading manner, wiping a tear from her eye.

"Oh, very well; here, give me your foot." So saying, he lifted her to the broad back of the old horse.

As they approached the stable a stray sun ray cast its red reflection on the glass of the window. "Oh, Joe, there it comes! Take it away!" she screamed, burying her face into Dobbin's mane, then fell into Joe's arms, a senseless, limp creature.

If he had never realized it before, he realized now that she was almost perfect in form and feature, and this realization kindled in him a flame of love, a worship, perhaps, of the innocence and purity of the girl.

"Ma, oh, Ma!" he called, gently laying the limp form on the sofa.

"What is it? Aletha again? Poor girl!" she said, as she loosened the neck of her dress. "Why, Joe, what's making you tremble so? Have you been working too hard?"

"No, I—I—oh, I'm all right. How soon'll supper be ready?"

"'Tisn't supper time yet, boy;

'most an hour yet. Where do I smell oil?" She sniffed of the bottle which Aletha still clutched in her hand. "What's that in the bottle?"

"Some dirt I found out in the field."

"Smells funny for dirt," Ma remarked, and then, calling after Joe, who was turning his steps toward the barn, said, "Pa told me to tell you that you could put Cherry and the new calf in Ranger's stall."

"What'll I do with Ranger?"

"He didn't say, but I guess you can leave him out 'til Pa returns."

As Joe busied himself about the chores, the thought that he had experienced something more than brother-love for Aletha remained uppermost in his mind, and with it the strains of "Sweet Afton" kept coursing thru his brain. While swilling the pigs, he hummed the strain, "My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream," and thought of Aletha as the center, unconscious of the murmuring stream of life as it passed her. "Would to God," he murmured fervently, "that she could be wakened from this sleep!"

"Supper."

His reverie came abruptly to an end and he awoke to the fact that he had turned the swill pail upside down by the haystack, and was sitting on it, holding his head in his hands.

"Coming, Ma," he answered, rather half-heartedly. During the first part of the meal he was silent and thoughtful, a condition which gave Mrs. Pettibone considerable concern.

"Ma, I was just thinking, how nice it would be if Aletha could get back her mind," he began at last, after Ma had returned from

giving the girl a glass of milk. "She's 'most twenty now, and—and—I—I just found out today that she was beautiful."

Mrs. Pettibone frowned to herself as he continued, "Don't you think I could raise enough corn on the South ten to pay for a special examination?"

"No, Joe, it wouldn't do any good; Doc Grimes said so. Besides, Pa would pay for it if it would do any good."

"Yes, I know; but——"

"Hullo!" yelled Mr. Pettibone from the gate.

"There's Pa; better run out and take the team."

"Comin' in a minute," she called from the kitchen door. "I declare if he hasn't brought home one of them black buff cochin roosters. 'Yes, in a minute," she called in answer to his impatience.

"Where's Aletha?" he inquired, blinking at the bright Aladdin light. "Had another spell?"

"Yes! And, do you know, John, I believe Joe is in love with her."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" he queried, extending a candy sack toward her.

"Licorice! John Pettibone, won't you ever grow up? Keep it! I don't want any; and as for Joe falling in love with Aletha, I tell you I don't like it! Looks kind of bad."

"Now, Martha, don't knock. If the poor girl likes him an' he likes her, why, let 'em like, I say! Course I wouldn't advise anyone to marry Aletha in the condition she is now. Goodness knows I got enough of misfortune about twenty-three years ago. 'Member the day?" he concluded, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"John, why don't you be serious for once?" What's happened to make you so foolish?"

"Sold the South ten today, for five thousand cash. That is, the terms were cash. Now, isn't that a piece of good luck? A fellow named Rogers wanted to do some experimenting on it."

"Joe said he wanted that piece to plant spuds in; why didn't you let him use it?"

"He never told me anything about it; besides, he can run the North ten if he wants to." He turned to Joe as he entered the door, with the time-worn question, "Well, Joe, how did the work go?"

"Fine!" I think I can finish it by tomorrow noon. There were a couple of men out today, wanted to know if you'd sell that ten."

"Did you tell them I wouldn't?"

"Yes, but I told them about the South ten. A fellow by the name of Rogers was the one who wanted it."

"Rogers? Wonder if it was the same one whom I made the deal with?"

"He was looking for samples of soil. Here's some I brought in," he continued, bringing the bottle from the sofa. "Smells like oil."

"It does, for a fact. Guess I'll take it down and have it analyzed tomorrow."

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone went to town to finish the sale of the South ten, taking with them the sample of soil. After leaving the sample at the drug-store, they went up to the lawyer's office, where the papers were to be signed.

The lawyer arranged the papers on his desk before him, remarking as he did so, "From whom did you

get that ten acres, Mr. Pettibone?"

"From my father, and his father cleared it in the first place. It has never been out of the family."

"The North ten, as I have been informed, was the property of Josiah Willett three years ago," the lawyer continued, in an even tone.

"North ten? Why, good Lord man, I didn't agree to sell that! Besides, it doesn't belong to me; it's Aletha Willett's, the only heir."

"And you have the papers to prove that it's hers?"

"Well, you see, when their house burned down all of his papers were destroyed, and I thot the law gave her the land."

"It does," interrupted Rogers, "unless the land is mortgaged. As it is now, I have a mortgage against that place, for three thousand dollars, and it's long overdue; and, what's more, I intend to foreclose immediately."

"Have you proof for those statements?" Pa asked.

"Here's Willett's signature, dated June sixteenth," he said, in a businesslike tone.

"June 16th; why, he was killed on the thirteenth, and besides, that was on Sunday," Pa soliloquized, scratching his head.

Rogers and the lawyer exchanged frowns. "You see," Rogers continued, "there may be some error. However, it doesn't matter, anyhow. I'll be out Monday to take possession."

"Not if I can help it!" Pa exploded, clenching his fists. "Think I'm goin' to stand meekly aside and let you cheat that poor girl out of her possessions? By the eternal ego, no! I'll see you below first!"

Fearing lest his temper might

get the better of him, Mrs. Pettibone led him out of the room, and down to the phaeton. On the way home, Mr. Pettibone cooled off considerably, and when they reached the barn he was in a much more cheerful mood.

"They say old Josiah Willett kept his papers hid in the woods; wonder if Aletha would know. Where is she?"

"Out at the barn, I think. Yes! there she is, fighting that new rooster." The girl was deathly afraid of the rooster, that was plain to be seen, yet she stood her ground, ashy pale and trembling, until Pa drove the rooster off. Then she lapsed into another unconscious spell, and so the questioning was delayed.

On Sunday afternoon, as was her custom, Aletha set out for a walk in the woods, and was passing the straw pile in the corner of the North ten, when the black rooster suddenly appeared. With a scream of terror she struck out at top speed thru the woods, crying, "The torch, the torch; oh, oh, take it away!" Had she looked she would have seen the rooster leading his harem of speckled hens back to the farmyard, but such was her fright that she ran on and on, dodging thru the underbrush, screaming and crying in her delirium.

Joe, having missed his fishing trip on the Friday before, was at this time engaged in luring the wary trout into his basket, at the pool below the falls. Suddenly a terrible scream rang out, and, looking up, he saw a figure on the cliff above. He threw down his pole and yelled to her, but to no avail. With a last, "The torch!" she flung

herself headlong into the swirling pool.

To drag her out was but a moment's work for Joe, but it was some time before he could get her to breathe. At last, however, he was rewarded by a quiver of the eyelashes and a smile. Then she sank into unconsciousness again.

Grouped around the couch that evening, the three anxiously awaited her coming to. A strange expression had settled upon her face, an expression undefinable, which changed to one of wonder when she did regain consciousness.

"Did you see it? I think it's gone—gone forever now. I remember now. It was a man with a torch who set fire to the house. I think that father called him Rogers; anyhow, he was there the day before, and daddy gave him a lot of money."

"Rogers?" the old couple breathed in unison. "I see now. The villain!"

"Joe, do you like me just as well as you used to? I remember faintly, like it was a thousand years ago, that you said you did."

"Love you? Why, Aletha, you know I do; and I—I'm so glad you've come to me at last," he murmured in her ear. "Aletha, we'll never be separated again."

"I've changed my mind, Pa; I guess it's all right," Ma spoke softly, fearing lest she should interrupt the happy pair.

"I thot you would," Pa smiled, as he threw both arms about his sobbing wife.

On Monday a new Aletha roamed thru the fields and woods, visiting long-forgotten haunts, and collecting relics and playthings which she had kept in the woods. Among the things, Pa found a packet of papers, labeled, "Private papers of Josiah Willett."

With feverish hands he untied the packet, disclosing a will and a receipt reading, "Received of Josiah Willett, three thousand dollars," and signed, "James A. Rogers."

"There, that proves it!" he cried, thrusting the paper into his wife's hands. "Aletha, my dear, the North ten's yours, with a clear title, and——"

"Pa," she interrupted, smiling at Joe, who had just entered the room with the mail, "Pa, may I have Joe, too. He—he wants me, I know."

It is needless to say that the morning's mail included a letter from the chemist, saying that the sample of soil was rich in petroleum, and that James A. Rogers was duly punished for murder in the first degree. Also that the following June brought a wedding day long to be remembered, both as the wedding day of Joe and Aletha, and the day on which the black rooster was served at the wedding feast.

A FRESHMAN'S PLEA

By J. H. G.

Well, if you are a Sophomore,
You needn't put on airs.
Of course, we know how wise you are;
But, then, nobody cares.
And even if you are so bright,
It doesn't make us sore;
You had to be a Freshman first
To be a Sophomore.

We know how much you pity us,
It almost makes us cry
To see how we embarrass you,
Whenever we pass by.
Yet though we are so **very** green,
And know no classic lore,
You had to be a Freshman, too,
To be a Sophomore.

And if our antics make you blush,
Please bear with us a bit.
We're dreadfully ignorant, you know,
We don't know when to quit;
But soon we hope to be as wise
As you, and maybe more;
You see, we **must** be Freshmen first,
Before we're Sophomore.

WAR!

J. Francis Lemon.

The scene grows dark in shades of lurid light;
The calls of peace die in the battle's roar;
E'er fiercer sounds distilling seas of gore,
The speaking steel-inventions' mad delight.

The tyrants beckon, millions rush to fight;
Fair lands lie strewn with death from shore to shore;
War's Minotaur ope's wide his maw for more;
Earth's choicest youths are hurled to yawning night.

Yet be it must, till trampled in the mud
The victor's crown with gallows cap shall be,
And man shall see in his opponent's blood
The common hue of black, white, bond, and free,
And raise a common flag dyed in the flood
Of crimson coming down from Calvary.

The Puget Sound Trail

Tacoma, Wash.

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THE STAFF

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Harry Gardner	Business Manager
Paul Hanawalt	Associate Editor
Edith Rummel	Society Editor
Vera Sinclair	Literary Editor
Harold Young	Jokes
Henry Cramer	Business Editor

OUR NEW PROFESSORS

The Student Body welcomes the new members of the Faculty wholeheartedly and with a smile. We hope you will enjoy your work here so that you will stay a long time in our midst.

Mrs. Lynette Hovious, of the Public Speaking Department, comes to us from the Northwestern School of Oratory. She has already made us happy by reading whenever she was called upon. Mrs. Hovious has plans for the enlargement of her department, and also for a big pageant to be given sometime in the spring, symbolical of the Mountain and what it represents in legend and historical fact. Mrs. Hovious seeks the co-operation of all the students and the Faculty in her undertaking, and we are sure she will receive all the help and enthusiasm which she needs to make this year a successful one.

Miss Sylvia Miller, head of the

Domestic Science Department, is another of our new Faculty members. She has taken her degree at the University of Chicago.

Professor Reynolds, of the Department of Education, received his degree from the Columbia University. Professor Reynolds is very enthusiastic about his work at our College, and will be a forceful addition to the Faculty.

OUR ATTENDANCE

Our attendance this year has not yet reached last year's standard. So far, we are 140 in number. Considering all things, however, the Administration feels that the College will have a prosperous and happy year. We are sorry to lose so many of our number, but what is our loss is our country's gain, for we know that the College of Puget Sound boys will make the best of soldiers in Uncle Sam's Army and Navy. So we greet them, wherever they are, and pray for their safe return sometime in the future to the halls of their Alma Mater.

There are many new students among us. The old students are glad to see them and already are beginning to know them and to like them. We are glad you are here, and hope you will learn to love the College of Puget Sound, with a love that only several years on her Campus can cultivate.

BEGINNINGS

This is a time of beginnings. The Faculty are beginning their year's work with enthusiasm and gladness. The Seniors begin to feel wise, and to look the part. The Juniors are beginning to prove their jollity and good nature. The Sophomores already are beginning to plot and scheme ways and means wherewith

they can "put something over" on the Freshmen. And the Freshmen are just beginning—everything.

So let us pause in this time of beginnings, look around us and do a bit of hard thinking. Let us ask the question,—are we commencing right? Are we putting the emphasis in the right place? Have we divided our time according to the merits of the subjects which demand our time? And have we been selfish in our commencement plans so that we will be receiving good continually, but giving none? These are things worthy of being considered and after they have been dwelt upon in a significant manner perhaps we all will be more eager to look out for the other fellow, who perhaps is not so capable of making a start as are we, and can help him to make a good beginning.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

It is interesting to know that about twenty per cent of the fellows attending the College of Puget Sound last year answered the first call of Uncle Sam. They are enlisted in different branches of the service.

Corporal Wesley Todd, Herbert Feller, and Ralph Remington are in the Coast Artillery.

Sidney Freeman and Francis Powell are with Troop B in North Carolina.

Frank Young, Earl McAbee and Lauren Sheffer have entered the Medical Corps in various divisions of the Army.

Fulton Magill will soon leave as a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army.

Paul Hayward, who attended school here several years ago, is at the present time seeing active service in France.

Several of last year's students are encamped at Camp Lewis and visit the College occasionally. Among these are Harry Earle, Ernest Clay, and Leland Athow.

These men are giving at this time the best years of their lives for their Country, and the College of Puget Sound should be proud of her representatives.

The army life for these boys is very different from what they have been accustomed to, and we should do everything possible to help them make this life pleasanter and easier.

One of the least things we can do is to write to them and keep them in touch with our school and home life. Would it not be a good plan for each Society or any organization whose members have joined the colors to keep in close touch with these members by writing letters to them? It will be appreciated by the boys and will do you good. Let's not forget our Soldier Boys. The addresses of any of these can be obtained from the Editor.

Another Needed.

Wife—Oh, George, dear, do order a rat trap to be sent home today.

George—But you bought one last week.

Wife—Yes, dear, but it has a rat in it.—London Tattler.

"Heavy" (in chem. lab.)—Percy, I've got to go to a "Religion committee meeting," so you can keep things straight while I'm gone. (Confidentially.) Do you know, I've lost all interest in religious activities since—

Percy (interrupting)—Since you dropped that glass on the floor.

What It Really Means

(The following letter was written from "Somewhere in France" by Paul Hayward, a student of the College of Puget Sound in 1916-17. The letter was written to Harry Francis, of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., to whom we are indebted for the privilege of printing it in *The Trail*. The censor has blotted out the number failing to return. "B. E. F." means "British Expeditionary Force.")

Dear Harry:—

Am comfortably ensconced in the attic of a chateau, somewhere up the line. We are out on rest this week, taking it easy several miles back of the line. When first came up, some two months ago, I wondered at the amount of time the troops were given actually out of the trenches. Now, I have been in my first great "push" and know why it is. After 48 or 60 hours in or near the front line, your nerves are in such an awful condition and you're so sick, thru and thru, that it takes a week to make you feel human again. Yes, I have seen my first great battle of this or any kind of warfare and I never will be the same again.

The day before the push, I was called from a very rushy job, in a little town, just two of us at an advanced post. We packed our kits and hurried away to meet our section. That evening, after dusk, sixteen of us were sent up to the front. It was pretty hot going in, and beside the shells we had to drop several times as machine gun bullets flattened themselves against debris around us. (Those blooming star shells make the country light as day.) We were sent down into a long, low, narrow tunnel, in

which were crowded and piled two battalions of men. What a night! We had been soaked to the skin by a downpour of rain coming in and, well, I decided I was experiencing real war at last. At about 2 o'clock the battalion to go over the top moved out, grim and determined. Of one company of these men, — returned, the remainder being killed or wounded. The attack was very successful and hundreds of prisoners passed thru our host, in a steady stream, for a couple of days. They did most of the carrying of the wounded, one of us taking a squad of Fritz's across a stretch of ground that was a continuous stretch of fresh shell holes, and more coming every minute. I haven't the power, Harry, to describe the nervous tension of the 40 hours we spent in that place, and how glad we were when relief came. The everlasting din and roar, the sickening whirl and bursting of large shells, repeatedly exploding so near as to throw dirt and pieces of debris on you; the tragic moment when I fell on my knees and, digging furiously, unearthed the mangled, broken body of the boy who had slept next to me for weeks,—all this is a nightmare to me now, a very hideous nightmare, and I am very glad you will not have to go thru it.

And from it all, Harry, there awoke in me a realization of the power of religion in a man's life, and the necessity for it. And let me tell you, that God is very much in the hearts of all those who venture near the front line trenches. I knew I should do it before, now I am doing it, living as if each day

Continued on Page 30

The Department of Religion

Prof. Ira A. Morton.

The newly organized Department of Religion accepts, with much pleasure, the introduction hereby proffered by the Editor of *The Trail*. And the writer wishes to express his pleasure in the opportunity for service as head of the Department, made possible by the generous offer of financial support from Mr. E. S. Collins.

This year's work begins a program of studies outlined for two years in advance. It falls into four divisions: I. Bible Study, eight courses; II. Missions, two courses; III. Religious Education, two courses; IV. History and Philosophy of Religion, six courses. A special bulletin, in which the several courses are described in detail, has recently been published by the College. This program seeks to meet the needs of both laymen and prospective preachers and missionaries. The aim is not to produce theologians, but rather to furnish that grasp upon the essentials of religion, the Christian faith, and especially the Christian Book, without which a college student's equipment is incomplete. Neither is this program to be looked upon as a special curriculum, but as studies in a department co-ordinate with the other departments of the College. A student may choose his major in this department in satisfaction of the requirement for the Bachelor's Degree, and, in case of courses of study that admit of classification under other academic heads, may offer credits in those courses in satisfaction of major requirements in other departments. Other ad-

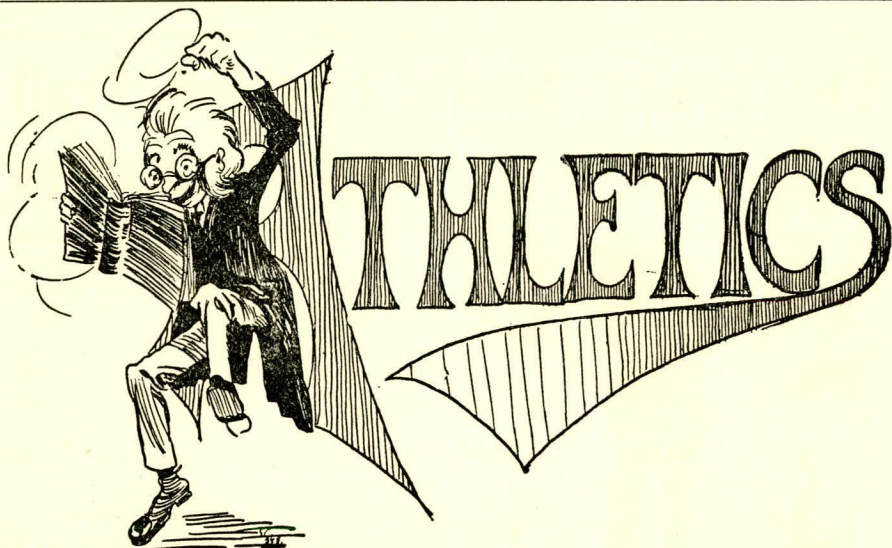
vantages anticipated cannot be announced at this time.

A large enrollment in the courses offered by the Department was not at all expected for this year, since its organization was not determined upon until a few weeks before the opening of the present year. In view of this late announcement of the plan, and of the fact that most students in the upper classes have had their work planned ahead from the beginning of their college courses, it is gratifying to report at this time an enrollment in the department courses of about twenty-five per cent of students now in the College.

The Department will be concerned not only in the conducting of academic classes, but in promoting the most wholesome religious life possible in the whole College community, and is at work with a definite program for the realization of this objective.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY FOR A LITTLE COLLEGE COMFORT.

Take a thot of self, one part, two parts of thot for others; equal parts of common sense and broad intelligence; a large modicum of the sense of the fitness of things; a heaping measure of living above what your neighbors think of you; twice the quantity of keeping within your income, a sprinkling of what tends to refinement and aesthetic beauty, stirred thick with Christian principles of the true brand, and set to rise.



FOOTBALL

On account of the unusual conditions in our country today there are very few men in school this year. We honor those who have responded willingly to the call. We also honor those who, knowing that they must do the same at another future date, are preparing themselves to be good soldiers in the Army by attending College and getting the best possible out of it. One manner in which this is being accomplished is by active working interest in Athletics. Almost every man is turning out for football under the efficient directorship of Coach Goodman. Few of last year's squad are back, so the team this year will be composed almost entirely of new men who are not experienced in the game. The average weight of the team will be between 140 and 145 pounds. It must not be expected that these men will meet big teams. However, arrangements are being made for some very interesting games. Those of last year's squad

are Manager Curtis and Percy Harader.

The new men are: M. Askey, J. Renolds, E. Anderson, B. Hickox, L. Bain, C. Kinch, W. Burrows, F. G. Burrows, E. Buckley, B. Busselle, H. Smith, C. Hallen, Poole, Holmes, R. Snyder, and H. Young.

These men deserve the hearty co-operation of every loyal member of the College of Puget Sound, and they feel confident that they will receive it, so that the College will look to this year as a banner year in athletics.

Buzz-z-z-z.

"The telephone is not making much progress in Russia.

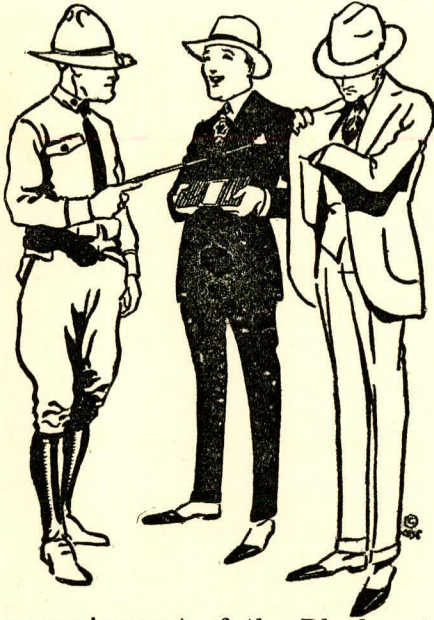
"Why?" "Listen."

"Hello, is that you, Dvisastkivch-smartvoiczskie?"

"No, this is Zollemschouskaffir-nocknstiffsgrowoff. Who's this speaking?"

"Seximochackierttrjuuksmxischokemoff. I want to know if Xlifero-manskeffilskillmajuwehzstsk o w s k welbierski is stopping at the Dvisastkivchsmartvoiczskie house."

The Young Men's Fashion Trail Leads to Rhodes



Rhodes Brothers' is a young men's store, with stocks running over with styles designed for men young in years and young at heart. Styles that have youth for their keynote, modeled on lines that express good taste; styles that are worn by men of discrimination and good breeding everywhere good clothes are seen.

The Quality of Our New Fall Suits and Overcoats was never better, and quality standards are not easy to maintain in these days of rising costs. Every garment is made of superior fabrics and tailored in shape-retaining styles that is

a requirement of the Rhodes standard.

Clothes of unmistakable style, in a variety of models that affords full exercise of individual tastes, and a range of weaves, fashions and colorings that are not surpassed anywhere.

**RHODES' STANDARD SUITS
FOR MEN, \$15 to \$35.**

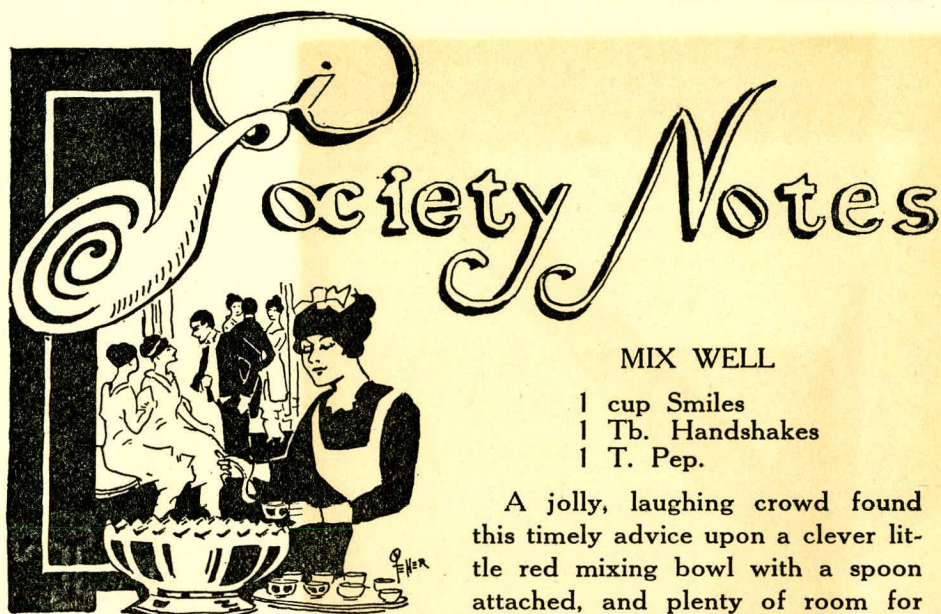
RHODES' COLLEGE CLOTHES, \$15 to \$25.

**RHODES' OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND YOUNG
MEN, \$15 to \$40.**

NEW FURNISHINGS. UNDERWEAR, HATS, RAINCOATS
IN THE SEASON'S BEST STYLES.

QUALITY THE BEST, AND MOST MODERATE PRICES.

Rhodes Brothers
"In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment"



MIX WELL

- 1 cup Smiles
- 1 Tb. Handshakes
- 1 T. Pep.

A jolly, laughing crowd found this timely advice upon a clever little red mixing bowl with a spoon attached, and plenty of room for names inside, carried it out to the letter and more, and the mixer was on. No more were the verdant Freshmen, the wise Sophomores, the just Juniors and dignified Seniors, strangers; but, mixed well, they played games, did stunts, and drank punch together, and everyone admitted that the Freshmen are an unusually peppy bunch. Senator Davis made the speech of welcome, without which the evening would not have been complete, and Muriel Hover played on her steel guitar, which was greatly enjoyed and heartily encored. About 11 o'clock, the crowd being thoroughly mixed, the party broke up, everyone agreeing that it had been a great success. The committees in charge of the affair were: Entertainment, Gladys Moe, Hertilla Barlow, Marjorie James; Refreshment, Edith Rummel, Charline Tuell, Carl Hallen; Decoration, Arletta Carter, Muriel Hover, Henry Cramer.

On Friday, September 14, our College, wearing its new coat of paint, with its rooms redecorated and filled with rows of new chairs, played hostess during the afternoon to more than five hundred guests, many of whom were from out-of-town and were here attending the Methodist Conference. The rooms of the Administration Building were beautifully decorated in green, which formed a dark background for the bright colors of the Stars and Stripes and the flags of our Allies. Mrs. Hovious, the new head of our Public Speaking Department, delighted the guests with an informal program during the afternoon, and dainty refreshments were served by Miss Sylvia Miller, the new head of the Domestic Science Department, assisted by girls of the College Y. W. C. A. The decorations committee was Miss Georgia Reneau, Miss Grace McGandy, and Miss Alice Baker.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. entertained for the new girls at an informal party at the Todd residence on Wednesday afternoon, October 3rd. The afternoon was spent in games and stunts, into which the girls all entered enthusiastically. Music was furnished by Arletta Carter at the piano and Muriel Hover on her steel guitar, and Mrs. Hovious delighted the girls with a reading in French dialect, followed by a little poem which carried an appeal to the heart of every girl present. Refreshments were served late in the afternoon.

—♦—

On Saturday, September 29th, Dr. and Mrs. Todd celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding and were the recipients of many congratulations from their host of friends. They were married at Caledonia, Iowa, thirty years ago. Following the Bean Feed, at which Dr. and Mrs. Todd were present, the Faculty and Student Association, wishing to express their congratulations, presented them with a beautiful fern.

—♦—

We were glad to see the bright and smiling faces of our faculty on the platform on the first Chapel day of the new year, glad to greet the old ones (and listen to their announcements), and very willing to be introduced to the new ones. Short talks were given by the three new heads of departments,—Mrs. Hovious, of the Public Speaking; Miss Miller, of the Home Economics, and Mr. Reynolds, of the Education. Mrs. Poole, our new Librarian, and Mr. Goodman, the Athletic Coach, also gave inspiring and energetic talks.

One of the prettiest events of the season, and one of great interest to her many friends, was the marriage of Miss Florence Cook to Dexter Armstrong, August 28th. Mrs. Armstrong was a member of last year's graduating class and one of the most popular girls in school. She is a Kappa Sigma Theta girl and Mr. Armstrong is a Phi Upsilon man, having spent two years at the State University. Several of the bride's college friends assisted in serving the collation. They were: Miss Harriet Moe, Miss Ruth Temple, Miss Junia Todd, Miss Icel Marshall, and the Misses Alice and Thrina Baker.

—♦—

A new movement has been originated within our school by the girls of the Junior class. On Thursday, October 4th, they entertained between 4 and 5 o'clock for the Freshmen girls at the home of Miss Alice Baker, to get acquainted and to offer their services as "Big Sisters" to the new girls. Tea and wafers were served and thirty-five were present. The "Big Sisters" are: Alice Baker, Madeline Meiers, Hazel Hooker, Lois Buckingham, Gladys Matters, Helen Hart, Ruth Goulder, and Jessie Clay.

Miss Mildred Pollom, president of the College Y. W. C. A., entertained at a luncheon a few days before registration, for the members of the Cabinet, at her home on North Lawrence Street. After an informal good time, plans were discussed for a larger and stronger Y. W. C. A. during the coming year. Those present were: Alice Baker, Mabel Amende, Ruth Hallin, Alta Miller, Muriel Hover, Edith Rummel, and the hostess.

College Glee

The first College Glee was given at the Chapel by the students Tuesday evening, June 5, 1917. This is to be an annual affair, the purpose of which is to stimulate the musical ability of the students into activity.

Class spirit was at high tide as the several classes rendered their songs,—especially in the '19 class. The order of the program was as follows:

Song ----- Senior Class

Words by Junia Todd.

Music by Marcia Smith and Junia Todd.

Song ----- Academy Class

Words and Music composed by Ansel Nye.

Song ----- Freshman Class

Words by William Bowman.

Music by Gladys Moe and Stanley Sutton.

Song ----- Sophomore Class

Words by Lois Hathaway.

Music by Ward Weisenbach.

Song ----- Junior Class

Words and Music written by

Eunice Merritt.

The songs were judged as to the words, the music, and the rendition. Considering these points, the judges,—Mrs. Ira A. Morton, Dr. Robert L. Schofield, and Mrs. O. C. Whitney,—announced the Sophomore Class the winner.

The prize given by Dr. Todd was a large, beautiful maroon and white 1917 pennant, with the numerals of the winning class—'19. When the pennant was awarded it was announced that it should be passed on each year to the winning class and the numerals changed.

But just ask the Juniors if the numerals are going to be changed. They think the pennant looks too well as it is in the Junior section. And besides, **why** bother to buy more felt for new numerals? They feel that **that** would not be Hooverizing. How about it, Sophs?

THE HISTORICAL POST

No doubt, many of the new students have wondered at the significance of the many-colored post on the Campus. It is the historical post of the school and was donated by the Freshman class of 1920. On it will be preserved the history of the school, as well as the history of every class. Each class has possession of one side of the post, on which they may paint their class colors, and on which their metal plate, stating the year in which the class graduates, the number entering in the Freshman year, and finally the number graduating in that class, may be fastened. Each

year the Freshmen will be given the side of the post which belonged to the previous Senior Class, and thus we may maintain a continuous rotation for many years to come.

During Commencement week last spring, there was a dedication programme at which Professor Walter S. Davis spoke on "The History of the School"; every class was represented by a speaker, and each class took an oath to defend the principles for which the post stands.

This post is a focus for class and school spirit and is to be treated by all classes as such, if it is their desire to have a part in the ownership of the post.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Along with the various activities of the College, music is rapidly swinging into place. Already many organizations have started the year's work, and others are on foot and will be heard from soon. Enthusiasm in musical activities is even greater than in the past, and the College of Puget Sound, we know, has never been lacking in this regard. The "music factory" is ringing with activity every hour of the day, and you may be sure the finished articles, after being treated with such buzzing interest, practiced skill, and untiring patience, will be products of which the College and the conservatory will be proud.

There are an unusually large number of students this year who are musically inclined. And more, we know, who have not been discovered yet, especially among the Freshmen. If you are one of the undiscovered ones, please save us the work of exploration, and evince your desire to join us. We want you, and will guarantee you good music, good practice, with plenty of good times sprinkled in between.

Just a word as to the other activities. Let's run a race for the title of "The Peppiest Activity in College." How about it, Literary, Athletic, and Social organizations? Will you run?

The choir was the first musical activity to organize and appear, and we think we made quite a hit at our debut. Didn't we? Each Tuesday and Thursday noon we drown out our normal appetites and have a sing-feast, with "jest and jollity" and plenty of "pep" to spice it up. Dr. Schofield is toastmaster, with twenty loyal followers and enthusiastic co-work-

ers. We miss our old members, but the Freshmen have filled their vacancies very admirably, considering. So we prophesy a very successful year, with a larger choir than ever. We hope you will enjoy our music as much as we do.

You have been wondering who we were, strutting around the campus with mandolins, guitars, and ukeleles under our arms, and rapt expressions on our faces. Well, we are the String Instruments. We have a number of secrets up our sleeves, and maybe we'll let you in on them soon. By the way, we need Banjos and Guitars, so if you respond to either name, come around and get initiated.

Some of the men of the school have expressed their desire to organize a Glee Club this year. Plans are already afoot for a quartet. And we know that a Girls' Glee Club has already been organized. If enough of the men are willing to put in a little time, and a little more work, they will soon show the girls that, even if they are fewer in number, they have some ginger, too.

On October 9th, the soldiers at Camp Lewis were entertained by the Conservatory and Oratory Department of the College of Puget Sound. The program consisted of cornet, violin, and piano solos, also vocal solos, trios, and quartets. Mrs. Hovious gave one of her delightful readings. The members of the party were: Dr. Schofield, Mr. Kloepper, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Wolbert, Prof. D'Allezzio, Mr. Carascano, Miss McQueen, and Mrs. Hovious. They reported a delightful evening, and we can imagine how greatly the soldiers enjoyed it.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Our Girls' Get-Together at the home of Mrs. Todd proved a complete success. The old girls did their part in entertaining, while the new girls did their part by turning out. Games were planned for the afternoon, and a short program was rendered just before refreshments. Mrs. Hovious, Miss Muriel Hover, and Miss Arletta Carter took part in it. From beginning to end it was a perfect Get-Together.

Just the word "Mixer" makes everybody smile, for anyone with any pep whatever couldn't help having a good time. The school turned out en masse and with bells. After some songs and yells by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, mixing games were played, and before the evening was over everyone was completely mixed.

"OH, YOU MIXER!"

October 11th, 12th, 13th were set aside for Tag Days, on which all those paying their dues to Y. W. or Y. M. were given toy balloons. Every one was anxious to join in the ascension, and Y. W. and Y. M. will make the highest flight ever known in their histories.

Y. M. C. A.

The following dormitory men who were in our midst last year are serving their country: Harry Earle Ernest Clay, Lauren Sheffer, and Earl McAbee.

Stanley Sutton is at his home in Chehalis and will return in February.

Ed. Schaper left on the 28th of September for California, where he will spend three years at the Stanford Medical School.

Theodore Smith of Boston, a former Puget Sound student, spent the summer here. He has now returned to resume his school work.

Prof. Davis spent the summer "in the shade of the old apple tree" back of the dorm, reading history.

J. Francis Lemon, a former member of the dormitory household, is engaged in private study and also is working at the smelter.

Lloyd Burke is now pastor of Algona Church. In regard to his affiliation with the dormitory, it is quoted that altho Burke is twenty-five years old, he still needs a nurse eight nights out of seven.

"No place like home," is Cook's motto, for he is there almost all the time. Nothing matters with him but Gladys. Cook spent the summer in the harvest fields of Walla Walla and returned home with a pocketful of money.

The two social centers of the Men's Hall are the kitchen and the parlor.

The dormitory has one rule which was in existence in the time of the old Jews. It is: "Every man does that which is right in his own eyes."

The men wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of the Woman's College League in placing flowers in their rooms at the beginning of the year.

Of course, love is a pleasant thing,
And naught on earth is sweeter;
But one thing I would say, by jing!
Loves just like a gas meter.

It's money this and money that,
For Cupid wants his barter;
Or else the love dies like the gas
That needs another quarter.

GROWLS FROM THE DEN

Another vacation gone and we are all here at our humble abode. Some are old and some are new, but to C. P. S. all are true. Senator Davis, who has been loyal to us for several years, is with us again.

Ansel Nye, who was here last year, is also back. "Bill," as he is called, tells us how to fix our beds when they fall down, and many other practical things.

William Allen Cook, a last year's resident, is with us again in the capacity of manager and chief cook and bottle washer.

Lloyd Burke is our musical director, having himself the ability of a soloist.

Carl Curtis, still another of last year's flock, entertains us on his mandolin and is in every way a jolly Junior.

Last, but not least, of the last year men, is Harold Young, who gets us our jobs. He adds to the happiness of all, as he is the only Sophomore in the Hall.

The first of the new men is Elmer Anderson, who hails from Selah. Anderson is, as you would expect, a Freshman and a room-mate of Young.

The brothers who occupy Room 1 come from Chehalis. Their names are: Burrows, William, and Fremont. The only trouble they have is who will wash the dishes. They also are Freshmen.

Russell Clay, who also is a Freshman, comes from Quincy, Ohio.

Clarence Moore, of Ephrata, Washington, is pastor of Milton and Vincent churches.

J. H. Schlosser, of Sunnyside, adds to the enjoyment of all by his jokes and witty sayings.

James Kientz comes to the Dorm. from Seattle, Washington. He is taking a course in languages.

HELEN'S HALL NOTES

Wednesday evening, October 10th, the girls living at Helen's Hall elected officers for the year, as follows:

President—Miss Katie Burton.

Vice Pres.—Miss Eva Mae Leonard.

Sec-Treas.—Miss Gladys Trew.

Trail Reporter — Miss Jennie Robertson.

Sergeant-at-Arms — Miss Clara Goldman.

Under the leadership of Miss Burton, Helen's Hall Club will be one of the live organizations of the Campus.

J. W. Trew, of Hoquiam, Wash., visited with his daughter, Gladys, on October 6th and 7th.

Stanley Sutton, a former student of the College of Puget Sound, visited Helen's Hall on Saturday, October 6th.

Another visitor on the same date was George Carter of Seattle.

Eva Mae Leonard's and Helen King's parents were welcome visitors on Sunday, October 7th.

Major and Mrs. S. S. Sulliger are frequent visitors at Helen's Hall.

Irving Clay, of Shelton, Wash., called on his sister Jessie on Saturday and Sunday, October 6th and 7th.

Thursday evening, as the girls of Helen's Hall were in the midst of their studies, they were disturbed by the Y. M. C. A. boys, who conceived the idea of serenading the girls.

Timely advice to Freshmen in our midst: "He who laughs last, laughs best." Moral: Don't stack other people's rooms.

H. C. S.

How goes it fellows? The H. C. S. extends a cordial welcome to all new fellows in the school. We have not been very active as yet, as we want you all to become acquainted and get acclimated before we start. Because past history always shows that when we do get started, we go. We are preparing a good program for this year, which we hope will be instructive as well as enjoyable to all.

PHILOMATHEAN

The summer days are ended,
The winter season's here,
And Philo's hopes are splendid
For another banner year.

Yes, even though Philo has lost some of her best members, we feel confident that we shall have a most successful year. Why shouldn't we, under the leadership of such a president as Miss Madeline Meiers?

Of course, we greatly miss those of our members who are unable to return to school this year, but we are glad that we have such patriotic Philos. Nearly one-third of our boys are now enlisted for service in the army. They are: Harry Earle, Lauren Sheffer, George Helgeson, Francis Powell, Earl McAbee, Herbert Feller, and Ernest Clay. We are certainly proud of our soldier boys.

Our weekly meetings are being held on Tuesday evenings as usual. The first program was given Tuesday, October 9th. One of the most interesting features of this program was the reading of the Philo Round Robin letter, in which all the Philos told how they had been spending their vacation. What we Philos have not been doing this summer is not worth mentioning.

We were glad to have so many visitors with us at our first meeting. We hope you will come again.

AMPHICTYON

Coo-Wah!! Wah!
Coo-Wah!! Wah!
Amphicts!
Rah! Rah!

We're back again with lots of pep and ginger, even if we are few in numbers. If you don't believe it, come and visit us. We have already given two programs; the first was full of fun and the second was serious. That shows that we can be both jolly and serious.

Our program for October 23rd was on "Millionaires, Past and Present." "Money is the root of all evil."

Devotions ----- Chaplain
Piano Solo ----- Miss Dorwin
Croesus ----- Miss Lougheed
Solomon ----- Mr. Campbell
Why I Am Not a Millionaire---

----- Extempo
Andrew Carnegie-----Mr. Gardner
John D. Rockefeller---Miss Merritt
Debate: Resolved, that there is
less chance for the accumulation
of great wealth today than
in the past.

Affirmative ----- Miss Scheibner
Negative ----- Miss Wilson
Song—"Home, Sweet Home"---

----- Society
Doesn't that sound interesting?
Come and hear it.

THETA NOTES

"Back to Theta." What a thrill the words give us. Pleasant memories of the time spent in Theta in the days gone by, and anxious expectation for another year made bright by Theta, overwhelm us.

We Theta friends were parted

for a short time, but now we're back again, eager for work, and fun, too. You would have seen how happy we were if you had been present at our first program. In fact, we were so happy that we could scarcely be sober and serious. We were mighty glad to see some visitors at our meeting, and sincerely hope they liked our program and will come again. Our programs are all planned for the semester, and we're expecting them to make us bright and shining intellectual lights if we do our part and put the best of ourselves into them.

ALUMNI NOTES

Say, Fellow Students, did you miss anything this fall when you returned to school? Yes, indeed, we missed Junia's hearty greeting and hand-shake. She is teaching this year in Puyallup. Then we missed Harriett from the choir. She also is at Puyallup, busily engaged in instructing the young ladies of that city how to become efficient housewives. Oh, yes, and there is Ruth Temple. She is over at Chelan teaching school. We also missed Icel. She is up at Sumas guiding the young of that town in their quest for knowledge. Mrs. Marsh has a new assistant now, in her laboratory. Mr. Warmen took his degree under his arm and has gone to Montana to light the way to the paths of knowledge. Florence Cook decided during the summer to be a real cook, and is now Mrs. Dexter Armstrong. Mr. Charles Miller, another one of the old College boys, is gone this year. Mr. Miller is preaching in Seattle. Edward Schaper is at Leland Stanford University in California, studying medicine. Last, but not least, we missed Marion Bigelow. She

is teaching at Cascade, Idaho. So here's to the Class of Seventeen. We wish them the greatest of success in their work this year.

FRESHMAN NOTES

By effecting their class organization within the first week of school, the Freshman class early showed that its intention was to begin early what is destined to be one of the most brilliant histories in the annals of the school. At the first meeting, plans for future class activities were formulated, and officers to serve temporarily were selected by vote.

Raymond D. Snyder, hailing from Ellensburg, was named as temporary president. Josephine Moore was appointed temporary secretary. Everett Buckley was chosen as class representative to serve on the Central Board of the Students' Association. He also was elected class yell leader.

Election for permanent officers of the Freshman class was set for Friday, October 12th, at a previous meeting of the class. In the meanwhile, a committee appointed by the President is at work determining the nominees which will be presented. Other important business which has been suppressed from publication also was transacted. The permanent colors of the class were selected, but until color day, when the color post will be adorned, they will be kept secret.

A unanimous vote of the Student Body at the second assembly of the year was cast for Everett Buckley as the school yell leader. Buckley is capable of generating the necessary "pep."

With the sudden transformation from high school to college life, which the illustrious members of

the fledgling class have undergone, has come the consciousness that, after all, the Sophomores are not the invincible creatures they are usually painted, and that Juniors and Seniors are decidedly likable persons. The greatest surprise, however, was the apparent docility of the Sophomores. But with the solidarity of the Freshman class opposing any undue self exhibition, it is not to be wondered that they have fallen into the habit of glancing furtively behind at the sound of a footstep, expecting the approach of a Freshman.

Many Freshmen anxiously are awaiting the termination of the four-weeks closed season during which rushing is barred, to ascertain whether their affiliation with the literary societies is desired. Whether it be with the "Amphictyons," the "Philos," the "H. C. S." or the "Thetas," their ambition will be realized if they can point to any of the societies as their own.

A number of Freshmen underwent the mysterious ritual of initiation into the College Y. M. C. A. at the club stag party Thursday evening, October 11th. Despite the belief among the victims initiated, that the process was somewhat strenuous for an organization the type of the Y. M. C. A., they survived the ordeal and are now adorned with the club emblem.

If present indications point true, a creditable athletic history for '21 is presaged. The bulk of the football squad turning out under "Hack" Goodman are Freshmen. At least, the requisite spirit is not lacking.

"Where can I find Ansel?"

"Oh, he's always Nye."

FRANK C. HART



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"The Post"

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

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James T. Coffman

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QUICK SHOE REPAIRING, go to

Smith & Gregory

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SOPHOMORE NOTES

You think we have all gone? No, we are here and we are glad we are here. Altho it has been hard to get along without the missing ones, still we are thankful we had them to give to our Country in whatever manner she may see fit.

Have the Sophomores a President? They have not only a capable President, but a long list of able officers. They are:

Gladys Moe—President.

Alvin Campbell—Vice President.

Mable Amende—Secretary.

Charline Tuell—Treasurer.

Edith Rummel, Representative to Central Board.

Katie Burton—Trail Reporter.

Are the Sophomores slow? You wouldn't have asked such a question if you had heard them sing the Freshmen songs at the Mixer.

Proof:

Said a Sophomore to a Freshman, "May I carry your tune up the hill?"

Freshman — "You may carry half." (After reflecting a moment): "I don't mind if you carry it all. I am weak and you are strong."

The worthy 1920 class has planted on the College Campus a brightly clothed spirit, which will shine each year with a new coat of Freshman paint.

We love our College colors and we want the Freshmen to display their on the College Post.

JUNIOR NOTES

Fourteen of the Class of 1919 are back this year for business. It seems good to realize that we are over half-way to that enviable position—of being a Senior.

Maybe we did bluff the Freshmen of last year into thinking we were a quiet bunch. But we have

A. A. HINZ

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President

G. M. HARVEY

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Yansen's Confectionery

Chocolates

Lunches, Light Groceries and
Stationery.

SIXTH AND FIFTH.

"That Something" in us — just watch us this year!

I suppose you have noticed upon the Chapel wall in our section the Annual Glee Pennant which we won last year. Oh!—about the song—We'll sing it for you soon.

The Junior girls entertained the Freshman girls at an informal tea on an afternoon early in the school year. We want them to feel that we are their "Big Sisters."

Two new members come to us this year. We welcome Miss Clay. We are glad to have Mr. Holmes. He says he is not afraid of girls. We will give him a chance to prove it before long.

Here's three cheers for our new professors—we like them.

The Class Officers are:

President—Carl Curtis.

Vice President—Ruth Goulder.

Secretary—Madeline Meiers.

Treasurer—Harry Gardner.

Trail Reporter—Lois Buckingham.

SENIOR NOTES

The class of '18 has entered upon the last days of its college course. One brief year and we go out from these doors and take our places in the world. We will return once in awhile to see how things are going, but the Class of '18, as a class, will be a thing of the past. So we are going to do our best to make this year the best of the four, the brightest, jolliest and most industrious. There are eleven of us now, tho we hope there will be an even dozen before Commencement time.

Many of the old class are gone, but we have two new members. Miss Easton comes to us from Dakota Wesleyan. Mr. Goodman, our athletic coach, decided to take

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up some college work, and we are delighted to say that he is a Senior. We extend a hearty welcome to both of these new members and hope they will soon feel at home.

We have organized and elected officers. Paul Hanawalt proved himself so successful in leading the class to glory that for the fourth time we have elected him President. Mildred Pollom is Vice-President; Alta Miller, Secretary; Percy Harader, Treasurer (we think he hypnotizes people, for he doesn't seem to have any difficulty in abstracting specie from well-guarded pocket-books); Eunice Merritt, Reporter; Elizabeth Shakerford, Central Board Representative; Ted Dunlap, Sergeant-at-Arms. We are going to find offices for the other members as well.

We bid the Freshmen welcome, one and all. But even if we don't know their names, we are going to speak to them when we meet, and that will surely help some.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Hurrah, fellows, we're off again and with both feet! A good bunch and lots of pep. You would sure think so if you were out to our past social events. How many of you were out to the Y. W.-Y. M. Bean Feed? If you weren't there you missed half your life and all the beans. That was when we got acquainted with the new Faculty members and some of the new students. The following Sunday afternoon the Y. W. and Y. M. held a meeting and told of their plans for the winter.

On the heels of this came the Mixer the following Friday, when we all "got together." We haven't heard of any one yet who was there

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who didn't have a good time. Lots of fun and plenty of punch. The "Y" fellows can do very effective work at times, and especially at stags. Ask Buckley—he knows.

But, fellows, we need every man among you, and you need us. There is a place for every man. If you want to fight, join the army; but if you want to serve, join the "Y." Get in on the membership campaign. Get behind the "Y" and boost. The more you put into it the more you will get out of it. Get started right and the rest will be easy. A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE

The mathematical prize of \$5.00 in gold will be given again (the third year) by a widow lady who is willing to sacrifice to be able to contribute toward the development of youth. She is very interested in anything that aids in developing the mind; she believes that mathematics is one of the very best subjects to cultivate clear and concise thinking. Therefore she gives this prize to the College of Puget Sound student in the mathematical department who shows the greatest improvement and who is diligent in research and study throughout the year.

This lady was herself formerly a teacher and knows the value of training the mind of the youth, and counts it a privilege to inspire others to cultivate accurate thinking. This prize was unsolicited, and for that reason, also, is surely appreciated by the institution.

Nocturnal music in the monastery.

That's the animated bray of the Burrows.

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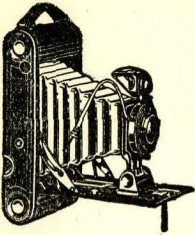
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What It Really Means

Continued from Page 12

were my last, living without voluntary sin of any kind.

Remember me to Lewis W. and Ed, also Bennie and Roxburgh. Got a letter from Larry yesterday. When you get this you will be starting your school work, I hope. Tell me of any champs in Stadium High. My address is simply name, number, 4th Canadian Field Ambulance, B. E. F., France. No more is necessary. Heard also from Burwell the other day. Write as often as you can about the items of the old bunch, as town interests are always very interesting to me out here, a third of the way around the world, but very close to you all, all the time, in thot.

Regards to Vincent Hart. Wrote your mother a week ago.

I feel as if I must mention the great work of the Y. M. C. A. during the recent push. They had dug-outs, up beyond the third line trenches (reserve line) and distributed 13,000 francs' worth of food and comforts on that single front, during the hottest days. The food was, of course, a gift of the Canadian people, and you can imagine how welcome were the biscuits, chocolate and hot cocoa to men who had known no rest or sleep for three days. It makes one very proud of being connected with the association when they are doing such work as that.

I have been asked by several friends to write a suitable letter for one of the papers, and was just thinking that if I had taken a little more care, this one would have done. However, I may get around to it some day.

Yours,
PAUL HAYWARD.



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